ADDITIONAL SONGS.

TO

Mr. REEVE's ENTERTAINMENT,

OF

MIRTH's MUSEUM.

Price,—TWO-PENCE.

ADDITIONAL SONGS.

Mr. KELLY's ENTERTAINMENT.

MIXTIS MUSEUM.

PRICE—TWO-PENCE.

ADDITIONAL SONGS.

FIRST PART.

INGRATITUDE, OR THE CAPTIVE.

A PATHETIC BALLAD.

MY tale is ſimple, fraught with woe,
Oft interrupted by a tear,
Which down my furrow'd cheek will flow;
It's burthen, friendſhip, inſincere
A friend, involv'd, required my aid—
Can manly feeling be ſubdued?—
His bondſman I—by him betray'd—
Impriſon'd, mourn Ingratitude!

II.

My Anna's fate her looks foretold,
When cruel bondage bade us part;
She, now, alas! is marble cold!
And rent in twain my aching heart.

Fortune once cheer'd me with her ſmile;
Now, pent in priſon, griefs intrude;
I mourn—I ne'er ſuſpected guile,
Or poiſon-fraught Ingratitude.

III:

My tender infants, ah! forbear;
With horror is the image fraught;
Deſpair, diſtraction rages there,
Oblivious pow'rs! then baniſh thought.
An abject wretch, forgot, forlorn,
Who pale Misfortune's ſpectre woo'd,
Is ſummon'd to Death's peaceful bourn,
The victim of Ingratitude.

BONNY WULLY.

A SCOTCH BALLAD.

WULLY is a bonny lad,
Black as a ſloe his roguiſh een;
Features make my heart fu' glad,
Sprightly as his winning mein!
Roſes on his cheeks are blowing,
Gowden locks adown are flowing,
Sweet his breath as cattle lowing,
Voice ſa ſaft to cheer me:

Like the bonny bells a ringing,
He's aw joyful, laughing, ſinging,
Merry ditties deftly dinging,
When my Wully's near me.

II.

Unked am I when alane,
Moaping a' the live-long day;
Yet I think him a' my ane—
Wully fra me ne'er will ſtray.
Roſes, &c.

III.

Had I, ſtead of ſilver ſma',
The riches baith of land and ſea,
Wully he ſhould have it a';
For Wully he is a' to me.
Roſes, &c.

THIRD PART.

I NEVER WILL MARRY.

A BALLAD.

As gay as a lark, and as blyth as a bee,
Handſome, generous, ſprightly, and young;

Cheeks glowing with pleaſure, eyes ſparkling with glee,
And a voice like the nightingale's ſong.
As fond as a ſparrow, as true as a dove,
Muſt be the ſweet ſwain, whoſe vows I'll ne'er parry;
Convinc'd of his conſtancy, give love for love,
But, by goles, till I am—why I never will Marry.

II.

He ne'er with neglect his fond laſs ſhould upbraid,
If by chance for a time we ſhould part;
Tho' diſtant, his features would run in my head,
And his form ever reign in my heart;
Kind fancy in dreams ſhould his abſence ſupply;
And, believe me, I mean not much longer to tarry,
For, joking apart, I've a lad in my eye;
Aye, by goles if I han't—why I never will Marry.

III.

O'er the lawn, 'tother day, as I joyouſly ſped,
Young Jemmy trick'd out not amiſs,
(As light as a fawn to o'ertake me his tread,)
Seiz'd my hand and entreated a kiſs;
I frown'd—he perſiſted—and breath'd love ſo ſweet,
That ſomehow I promis'd, a little unwary,
To church both would trip it the next time we meet;
Aye, by goles if we don't—why, I never will Marry.

THE COBLER.

A BALLAD.

A Pſalm or a ſong ſinging Cobler be I,
Who cares not a ſnap for the proudeſt;
I jokes in my ſtall with the girls paſſing by,
And hammers away with the loudeſt:
My ſole's made of right honeſt, well-wearing ſtuff,
And my upper leathers can't be ſurpaſs'd;
As the very beſt tann'd hide, why my merry heart's tough,
Firſt of coblers I ſtick to my laſt.
With hammer, awl, and ſharp'ning hone,
Wax-end, ſtrap, pegs, and paring knife;
Briſtles, thread and lapſtone,
The Cobler leads a jolly life.
Singing loudly all the while to make his work go merry.
Tol de rol, derry down, and hey down derry.

II.

When a batchelor ſpruce, all the giggiſh young tits,
With their eyes a love ſtory would tell;
Says I that wont do, girl, that ſhoe never fits;
'Til at laſt I got tack'd to my Nell:
What thof now and then Doctor Strap give advice,
Our quarrels are unmix'd with gall;
A kiſs and a ſmile makes it up in a trice:
I'm Nell's, and my Nell is my all.
With hammer, &c.

III.

I was ax'd by a maſter to dine at his ſhop,
Who'd a deuce of a quarrelſome wife,
Who made the houſe ſhake, aye from bottom to top—
A vixen ſhe was to the life!
In her tantrums her ſpouſe ſwore he'd kick her (he w
vex'd),
Out of doors if no ſtranger was by;
I ſeeing the gemman and his lady ſo perplex'd,
Cry'd, "Don't make a ſtranger of I."
With hammer, &c.